The Local Noodle

December 2023

MiddLaw Hosts Bar Night for Losers

To combat the allure of Notte on a Thursday night—the pregame which has distracted many a freshly twenty-one MiddLaw member from attending meetings— and to condition its socially inept underclassmen, Middlebury Law Club has unveiled plans to host their own bar night. The one drawback? It's for losers.

"Honestly, I hope the best for them," says resident cool-guy Beer Pongtable '23.5, "It's always hard to take the first step into having fun, and most of these kids look like they've never relaxed a day in their entire lives."

"He's actually somewhat right," interjected MiddLaw Vice President Floscar Bleet '24 after overhearing Pongtable's comment. "I've continuously tensed every single muscle in my body for the past 6 years straight. It's a debilitating and self-imposed condition that has severely affected my social skills and ability to relate with other people, but I'm banking on it giving me an edge during my LSAT."

Bar Night for Losers, or the Middlebury Law Club Social Event, as it appears on Presence, will be held weekly on Thursdays in the Gifford classroom. Some of the events that "party"-goers can expect include: two dudes being ass at flip cup, a girl who wears glasses reading in a corner, and lively conversation about graduate school possibilities with a first-semester student who has never had to work for anything in their entire life. Subjects discussed will be the art of drinking like a lawyer (but not in a Brett Kavanaugh way) and the utility of incredibly earnest premature bar exam prep.

The Local Noodle

CASSIE ELISH *Editor-in-Chief*
OSCAR FLEET *Tyrant, Rising*
CECE CALDWELL *Cabrona*
SKY ROBERTS-SALVADOR *Miami Lice*
CAROLINE HARDING *Perplexed*
JACOB COLLIER *Mewbob Squaremaxing*
CESCA MEDEIROS *Sigma Female*
OLIVIA CHEN *Flamingo lawn ornament*
LUNA MCNEFF YEE *Coming Soon*
JACK COLGATE *Shaman*
ANDY CAO *Yapanese*
EMMA TZOTSCHEW *Verbose*
AK PELLETIER *Short Sir Century*
GRIFF CLINTON *Oscillating*
LUCAS FLEMMING *ELE*
SOFIA SUTTER *The Strength of the Hill*
JIM REILY *Dumb Blond*
GINGER HANLON *Soo sleepy*
THEO MCDONOUGH *Sheep for wheat?*
MANDY FOURS *Booted*

Middlebury's only news source. Since 1800.

Questions? Concerns? Email us thelocalnoodle@midlebury.edu

Midlebury to Burn Five Million Dollar Mental Health Donation

Shaken from their dormancy after months of receiving single-digit Proud To Be a Panther donations, the board of trustees spent the past weekend deciding how best to spend an anonymous donor's generous $5 million gift.

After many lively debates and only a few arbitrating games of rock-paper-scissors, it was decided that the donation would be allocated to mental health. "Since we just allocated 1.3 million to building a Desert Sun Tanning Salon for the athletes in the AC and 15 bucks to a box of Crayolas for Johnson, we struggled to come up with an impactful usage of the gift," said board member Penny Pincher '44. "But then we looked at the fine print and realized we were contractually obligated to spend it on student mental health, and that was that."

Once the usage of the donation had been decided, it was up to the board and administration to determine what, specifically, would be done to improve mental health services. "The board debated with the requisite caution and calculation we reserve for all donations over $1 million," confidently remarked Pincher, "that is to say, not a lot of caution and calculation at all. It took about three minutes to reach a conclusion."

"We'll be burning the money, yeah," Impty Words, Middlebury's Press Secretary, interjected, finally unveiling the fate of the donation. "We briefly considered hiring more mental health counselors from more diverse backgrounds, but then we were like, what if we just literally fucking burned the money instead? Temperature is so key to mental health, and a bonfire of five million dollars in cash should keep the whole student body toasty for at least, like, thirty minutes."

Student response to the administration's decision has been vitriolic, but for this, too, the administration has come up with a solution. "We can't hear their protests and outrage over the sound of this crackling fire," Words said while roasting a marshmallow over the flames. "I think this was our best decision in years."

Ross Dining Institutes "Hunt and Gather Thursdays"

Last Tuesday, Middlebury College dining services announced that, due to budget cuts, they would be implementing "Hunt and Gather" Thursdays as opposed to offering hot food options for lunch and dinner.

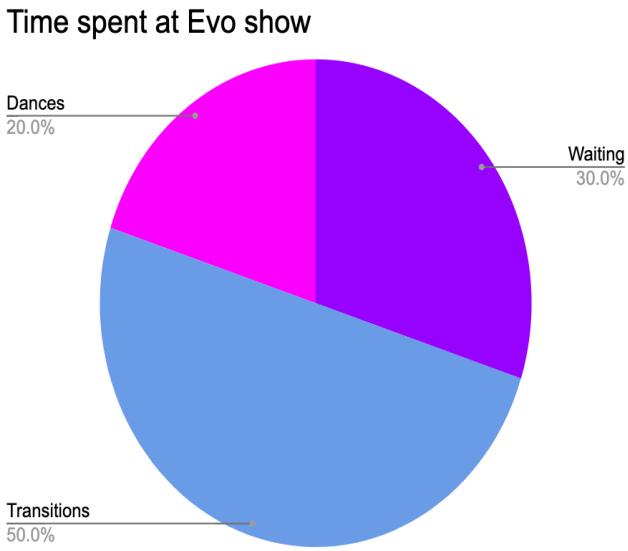
"Think of it like Taco Tuesday," said head of Dining Services Hank "Homestead" Hatchet. "We want students to take advantage of the bounty that Vermont has to offer, whether that be by foraging in the woods for mysterious mushrooms or leading a farmer's cow astray." Hatchet believes that these new changes will help students get more in touch with nature – by experiencing natural selection for the first time.

"It's really about survival of the fittest," Hatchet continued. "Who will take the initiative to form a rudimentary deer trap? Who will use their climbing skills to deftly collect honey from the hive without getting attacked by a swarm of bees? Who will be able to walk to Proctor to get dinner there instead for once?"

The announcement has had a surprising amount of support from self proclaimed 'alpha males.' "It's time for these crunchy assholes to put their money where their mouth is," one self-identified carnivore said. "There's nothing more organic than me mauling a few chickens behind Stewart Hall, and they need to realize that."

Others were not so enthused. "Plants and animals are dirty and I don't want to touch them," Madison Avenues, a sophomore from New York City with a deathly grass allergy, said. "So gross."

Only members of Weybridge house appeared nonplussed. "This changes nothing," the President, Sam "Let 'Em Cook" Saunders told the Noodle. "We already forage for every meal. I mean, that's what Weybridge dinner is – just a bunch of stuff pulled up from the ground."



Conflict Studies Major Steals $50,000 Worth of Bikes

Independent scholar specializing in conflict transformation Lemme Pilfer '24 was found guilty last Tuesday of stealing $50,000 worth of bikes.

In class, Pilfer learned the value of conflict transformation and restorative practices in war-torn regions. Outside of class, he practiced his own conflict transformation by transforming the bike shop from a haven of well-lubed morality to a den of knavery and vice.

When asked about the irony of his crime, Pilfer responded, "See, I like to take a holistic approach to learning. If you study chemistry, you go into the lab and work with chemicals. If you study conservation, you go into the field to look at bugs, or something. And if you study conflict transformation, you've got to see for yourself what conflict means. I can read about CONFLICT all I want, but growing up in an affluent Maryland suburb, I never got to feel that adrenaline, that rush, you know?

Pilfer definitely did learn. He now faces serious consequences for his actions; two hours of community service at the local elementary school and three hours of "restorative justice circles." Despite the charges, Pilfer maintains his innocence. "I would've returned the bikes eventually. It was just scientific curiosity! I guess you're not allowed to express too much interest in the subject you're studying these days."

Berlinification of Freeman International Center Sends Shock Waves Through Campus Community

The FIC has seemed increasingly Germanic recently.

Following years of lowly attended strudel nights, yodeling karaoke, and lederhosen pageants, Middlebury's German department has taken a new approach to garnering the campus's attention. Repurposing the brutalist architecture of the Cold War era, the Freeman International Center (FIC) has undergone a full-fledged 'Berlinification.'

Once a space that hosted German and Russian classes by day and spin classes by night, the new FIC blossoms into das Bünker come nightfall, attracting a line of over two hundred students that wraps around BiHall several times.

Although initially difficult to determine who exactly was behind the Berlinification of the FIC and redevelopment of das Bünker, Tyler "Gunther in das Bünker' Smith '25, president of the German Haus, revealed that the initiative was the brainchild of the German department, Student Bouncers of Middlebury, and WRMC's clout chasing executive board. "Und ich," Smith added.

While some have criticized das Bünker for being an exclusive space, accessible to only the freaks, Geebs (German weebs), hot goth doms, lost spin-hopeful freshmen, and the molly economy, insiders say these critics are eifersuchtig and are simply not cool enough to get in. More socially conscious criticism has cried gentrification, citing a displacement of the academic departments and indie bands once housed in the Soviet-eqsue concrete monstrosity. While indie bands have left, the academic departments have stayed to operate between 12pm and 2:30 pm, when das Bünker takes a midday cigarette and chocolate break.

When asked about the social implications of redevelopment and displacement, Smith said, "it's not gentrification, it's Berlinification, which in this instance is the cool gentrification found only among a deep techno beat and plenty of dog collars."

FRIEND OF RED DOT ACTUALLY COLORBLIND, page RGB

"DON'T BE A HERO," SHIFTY STUDENT SAYS TO ROSS DINING EMPLOYEE, page 3.5

REPORT: YOUR FRIENDS ALSO CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO GO ABROAD, page 12C

INVISIBLE HAND OF FREE MARKET GIVES GREAT HAND JOBS, page 800813

3 OUT OF 10 TOWNHOUSES ENACT SHARIA LAW, page youthought

SQUASH TEAM MAKES SOME GREAT (IF UNCONVENTIONAL) SPAGHETTI, cooking section

Op-Ed: Middlebury Cancel Culture Pluralism Intellectual. But Freedom Pluralism Middlebury Woke?

In recent years, pluralism cancel culture campus intellectual. Curiosity campus discussion free speech, but WOKE MOB free speech campus Middlebury Middlebury pluralism. Free debate cancel culture Middlebury free speech? Cancel culture Middlebury GENDER Middlebury intellectual freedom open discussion. Middlebury conformist academic Middlebury intellectual freedom culture.

Call outs twitter free speech callout culture free speech free speech cancel culture woke intimidation Dr Jordan Peterson. Diversity equity inclusion free speech. Free expression discourse PRONOUNS free speech cancel culture. Censorship ideology pluralism? Feminism woke mob.

Political correctness woke!! Free speech dogma racism anti racism. Censorship ideology censorship free speech the Our Democracy. Intolerance CRITICAL RACE THEORY.

The our democracy pluralism political correctness free speech. Civic education leadership engagement marketplace invisible hand of ideas. Cancel culture. I'm 5'3 btw.

The Middlebury Reserve Officers' Training Corps is always recruiting... always.

Special Report: Um, Uh, Gifford Red Light District?

BY ANONYMOUS STAFF WRITER

Ummm uhhh yea so ummmm… like, fuck, alright, ummm, you got this, uhhhhh like, ok, so, hear me out, right, uhhhh, like, so what if we had this idea for an article or something where there was like, uhhh, fuck, ummmm, like a red light district in the basement of Giff, right? But like, it's all Submissive Dudes, like real Micheal Cera types in gimp suits and ropes and it's, like, super dark and red in there. These dudes are, like, really skinny and only talk when you tell them to, right, and, like, only breathe when you tell them "it's all good, bro, take a breath," and they're like all quiet 'cause they got the dog muzzles on but its like, "Wow, still though, how are they staying so quiet with the nipple clamps on?" but that's just kind of like the gig, you know, they're like professionals under the red light. Uhhhhhh, yea, well anyway so what if all the Sadomasochistic Dominatrix girls on campus were like "C'mon ladies, let's put on our stiletto heels and go out for a ball stomp! I hear Giff's got nuts a-plenty under the red light!" And, uhh, like, they get all dressed up in their leather and they pocket their whips and remote controlled booty plugs and stuff their leashes and whips and collars and all that stuff in their tasteful leather-lady bags and head out to the basement of Giff to pop and stiletto-stomp nutsacks and take turns pegging soft-gorp male ass. Well, so what if our leather ladies get there but instead of there being sub-boys to punish, there's just some cute femboys and they're like, "What is this? Was this a ruse?" And the femboys are like, "No, no, we're just here to listen to you and be there for you, we heard you all had some things that were bothering you," and the femboys are like therapists or something and just listen to the group of peg-thirsty ladies and like they don't even say "Yes Mistress" or anything, they just, like, hear them out and are really good listeners and the scary dom ladies soften up a bit since it's been a really long time since anybody ever listened to them like that, like really listened, and after an hour or so they look around at each other and all their ball gags and paddles and the sparkle that used to be there just isn't quite sparkling the same, and they all kind of agree and say, "Hey, I guess we aren't really so into the whole sado-sexual thing we've got going after all".....Ummmm, and, like, uhhh, who knew that all they really wanted was a chat? And so on the weekends now the ladies just, like, uhhh, read Aldous Huxley books or, like, uhhh, get into throwing clay or something and, like, all the cocks and balls stay un-tortured. Would that be a sick article?

BLACKBIRD ARTS JOURNAL

This semester has seen the revival of Middlebury's premier arts and literature magazine, Blackbird. Unfortunately, the revival came after the SAO funding period, and the magazine is bankrupt. As a service to our fellow intrpeid writers and artists, we have given them a page of The Noodle to facilitate their creative expression. Below are some poems from Middlebury's finest:

Flower Poem
Roses are red, violets are queer
Caught up in your headlights,
Straight up like a deer
Deadass my sorrow weeps
You're bi and I loved that
Your hearts not mine for keeps
Nowhere to leap
Nowhere to go
The darkness billows
Out, endless and long
It reminds my of my penis
- Anonymous

The Great Datsby
Winking, blinking, blinky—green light, singular promise to burn
the dull, unenchanted life of enchanted objects. Breath, blinky,
matte promise of nothing beyond the blue edge of the couch save
for all I can see of the present and its orgastic future. Turn
now, and I cannot move. Chained to breath and binky
we breathe on, against the current, borne back without rave.

The green light silent winks twice;
A pen this month dead thrice.
Multipacks, a toss of dice,
one day more a slave to green devil vice.
- Dap Penne

My Chick
My chick bad
My chick hood
My chick do stuff
that your chick wish she could
No time for games
She's full grown
My chick bad
tell your chick to go home
- Luda A. Chris

My Campus Awe
Morning crows outside my window;
caw caw.
Tool in the construction site;
saw saw.
Frost after the sunrise;
thaw thaw.
Right next to the pickles;
slaw slaw.
Professor Dry's poli sci class;
constitutional law constitutional law.
Proc chicken, and my love;
raw. raw.
- Gilbert Schlaudenschlauger

The Troll
Over yonder sits the bridge of Hull
Across the river Bynce.
Under the bridge lurks a grumpy troll;
The name of the troll is Vince.

Vince is known far and wide,
But known for a different reason.
From the mountain heights to the ebbing tide,
People call him "Five Season."

Five seasons ago, in late September.
As the hot, humid summer turned mild.
Vince the troll, as we remember,
Inappropriately touched a child.
- Weir Do

Improv Group Brings Fake Gun to Fake Knife Fight

On Tuesday, Middlebury's two improv groups, the Otters and Middlebrow, faced off in a vicious battle for delusional supremacy. However, the fight took a rough turn when the Otters showed up with imaginary knives, only to discover that Middlebrow had brought imaginary guns.

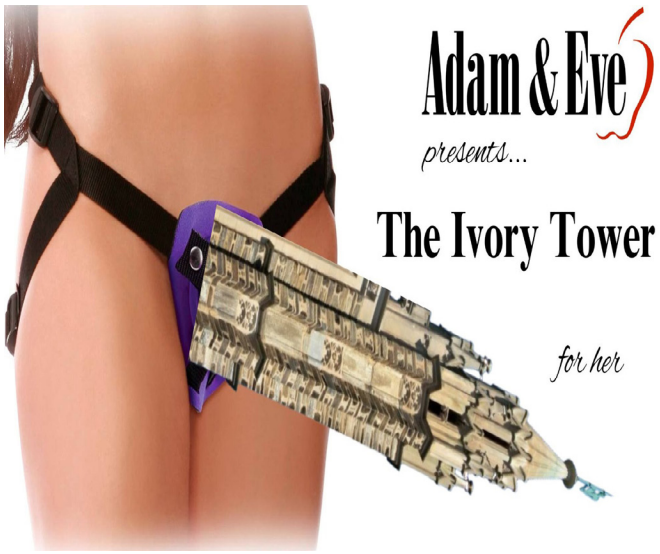
"I was ready to get into the heady thick of battle and show these losers who's boss," Otters member Simon Makesupalot '25 told the Noodle. "I had just unsheathed my imaginary knife when I saw Joe Dingus from Middlebrow pointing his fingers at me. As soon as he said 'pew pew pew,' I knew it was over. It was just so unfair."

"Listen," Middlebrow president Eye Twitch said, "Improv is all about saying 'yes and.' That's why, when the Otters told us they would show up with imaginary knives, we felt the need to go one step further and show up with little finger guns."

When asked why the two groups had to fight in the first place, Ring Master '23.5, leader of the Otters, replied: "There simply isn't room for two improv groups on campus, much like there isn't a lot of room in this glass box that I'm in right now." He then mimed being in a glass box. "See? It's all about defining the space around you. I bet you really thought I was in a glass box."

No injuries were reported. However, many members of both groups have been seen walking around with fake limps and "kind of twisted" fingers. Said Makesupalot, "Just because it's all in my head doesn't mean that it isn't real. I'm all about committing to the bit, even if that means walking with a limp for the rest of my life."

The Otters and Middlebrow's pretend fight was one for the improvisational ages.



Rugby Coach Requires "Art of Anatomy" Enrollment

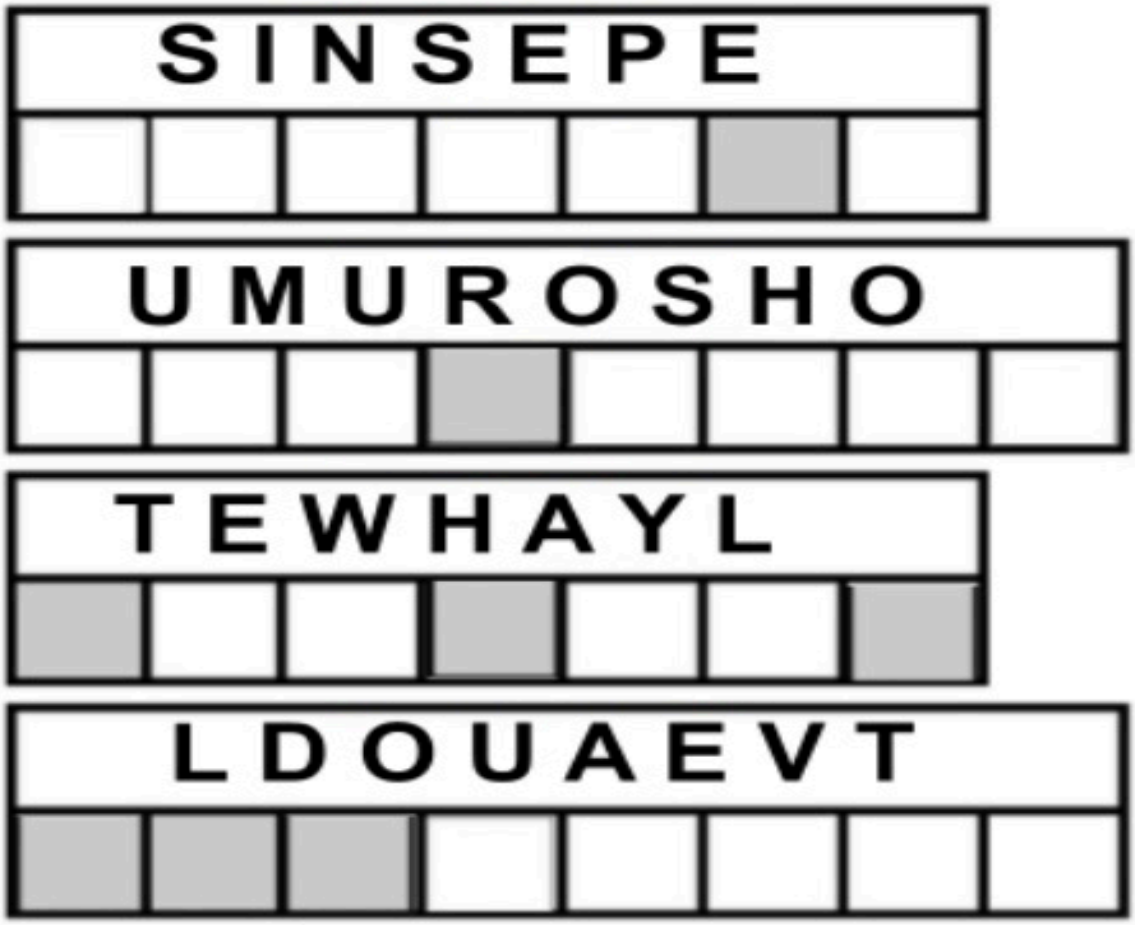
During course registration, studio art majors were shocked to find that all figure drawing classes were fully booked. Further investigation revealed that the young men of Middlebury Club Rugby had filled every seat. With many wannabe banksys displaced, the Noodle interviewed Divor Say, head coach of the rugby team, to figure out why.

"These boys are just such fucking losers," Divor Say said. "They've never seen a pair of tits."

"Actually I have, coach!" an oddly bulky boy interrupted while crawling out from under the coaches' desk. "Remember I told you about how things were rough this year, but parents' weekend gave me a big boost? My friend's mom got a little too comfortable around the team and I got a glimpse of her honking knockers. It really fueled me through these three months of devastating losses, total depression, and that one pretty good KDR party. I mean, I've never had a better season."

It now seems clear that the rugby players have never seen a nude woman, resulting in catastrophic loses both on and off the field. Coach told us he discovered the succulent class offerings of the arts department after he first learned to read earlier this year. Many thought he had lost his mind when he was heard wandering around Johnson Memorial building reading course descriptions and mumbling "Boobs, big boobs, big big big boobies" late one night, but others see it as a creative spark of genius, and breakthrough for the future of the club sports next season. In other news, the Studio Art Department has had to raise the minimum wage for nude models up to a whopping $100 an hour, to put up with a player they identified as "Crazy Eyes Rupert."

JUMBLE®



Now unscramble the grey squares to get the surprise answer.

ANSWER: PENISES HUMOROUS WEALTHY OVULATED
WE-LOVE-YOU